

Marlinton, Pocahontas

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Biographic Sketch of The Buckleys.

Pioneer Settlers of Buckeye Vicin-
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After leaving Joe McNeil's, as mentioned last week, I tramped across the fields and hills, the dry sod being almost slippery as ice, and I reached the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Kee.

My readers will readily perceive why this paper should be so largely taken up with the Buckley family, when it be remembered that my Bucks Run host was named Joseph Buckley McNeill and Aaron Kee is a great grandson of Joshua Buckley, the Winchester pioneer of Buckeye. From information obtained since publishing the Pocahontas Sketches, I learn that John Buckley, the pioneer's eldest son, was born near Winchester, February 16, 1762, and is so recorded as I am advis-

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Joshua Buckley secured the right to three hundred acres on the east side of the Greenbrier along with a very considerable tract on the west side, contiguous to the mouth of Swago. The proceeds of the following autumn's hunt met all the expense of securing a title to these lands.

So far as known John McNeel, Jacob and Charles Kennison were the only residents of the Little Levels at the time Joshua Buckley came to Buckeye, his attention having been drawn to this region by John McNeel.

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One instance illustrates the manner in which she was treated. Buckley the Pioneer's daughter, the Burgess place, summer range. Her sons Thyatira and Joseph did the salting. In the year that she went to stock as usual, and to stay by the cattle came used to the range likely to come back

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In the course of years the bank was worn away and the dwelling was about to be undermined,

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One instance illustrates the manner in which she was, may be given as follows: Buckley the Pioneer Burgess place was a summer range. Thyatira and Joseph did the salting. In the year that she was there she was stock as usual, and to stay by the camp came used to the likely to come back where. She went when bed time came head with a sleep awakening in the tira found herself warm, and the heavy. It was fallen ten inches once hustled around her drove and back to Buckeye.

One of the most improvements Joshua was the planting of a chard. The spring

possession of Andrew Edmiston, of the Lower Levels. Thyatira was so useful and devoted to her mistress that when Mrs Buckley died her special instructions were that Thyatira should be maintained by the family long as she might live, and must never be a county charge. A cabin was built for her near where the Buckeye station is now located. From this cabin she moved to George Kee's whose wife was Hester Buckley, where she died and was buried in the Buckley graveyard many years ago.

Thyatira was furnished a very comfortable housekeeping outfit by her pioneer mistress, and Mrs Buckley's dying wishes were carefully respected by her children, and so it became that Thyatira was a privileged character during her later years.

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One of the more noticeable im-
provements Joshua Buckley made
was the planting of a large or-
chard. The sprouts were brought

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Such was her kindness of heart no stranger was ever turned away, but all were warmed, fed and lodged. Whether worthy or unworthy, she never seemed to stop to inquire, and there is but little doubt that time and again her generosity was abused.

Joseph Buckley the second son of the Pieneer Joshua was distinguished for his fondness for playing practical jokes, and telling strange yarns about ghosts and witches. He possessed ready wit and his reportees remind me much of John Randolph of Roanoke. It is my impression that Joe Buckley could have come nearer duplicating that person in form, features, tones of voice, sarcasm and repartee than any one I ever heard of.

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Her tortures were excruciating and yet strange to say she got well, contrary to the doctor's expectations.

The Buckeye pioneer's second daughter, Elizabeth, became Mrs. Arter McClure in lower Pocahontas, or upper Greenbrier. Her son Samuel McClure, is remembered on Stony Creek and vicinity


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The Buckeye pioneer's second daughter, Elizabeth, became Mrs. Arter McClure in lower Pocahontas, or upper Greenbrier. Her son Samuel McClure, is remembered on Stony Creek and vicinity as the father of the late James McClure near Onoto.

James McClure is survived by numerous industrious sons and daughters whose families are grown up in Virginia, West Virginia and Indiana.

Such are a few of the reminiscences pertinent to my recent visit to the hospitable well furnished home of Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Kee at the original Kee homestead. For a hundred years this has been a Kee home, and for all these years has been a place where travellers and acquaintances would be generously received and kindly entertained.

It aroused my sympathies to find my friend from his boyhood in such infirm health. But he re-



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About night fall the rain that was looked for early in the day from my cozy quarters on Joe McNeills's porch began to fall and at frequent intervals there were showers all night long. The pattering of the raindrops was the most soothing of sounds inviting sweet and hopeful slumber.

Pretty early next morning I took up my carriages for the home stretch on this tramping round.

The road I found to be quite miry and the mud was of the sticky sort that would be hard to get rid of even when dry.

About the time I had made ready to dare and do whatever a muddy tramp might mean, George McComb of Dan, came along with his team driven by a half grown young McComb, a chip of the

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George seemed to be feeling good on the rain and hailed me in his cherry way to wait for the wagon to climb on and we would take a ride to Marlinton together.

It would take a volume of several hundred pages to contain all that this resident of the Dan flag station vicinity could tell of the ups and downs, round and rounds of his eventful life and much of it would be interesting reading, written out just as he tells it, how

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In the course of years the bank was worn away and the dwelling was about to be undermined, it was moved farther back and rebuilt not so many years ago by the Rev Joshua Buckley at what was deemed a safe distance. At the present time the house is within a rod or so of the brink so rapidly has the bank worn away. Some ten or more years after settling here there was an alarming freshet in the Greenbrier and the water surrounded the dwelling of the pioneer. Mr Buckley and a servant woman Thyatira took the children, cows and chickens to the barn on higher ground. The water between house and barn became deep enough to swim a horse, but Mrs Buckley would not desert the house. In the meantime her husband passed from house to barn in

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Two sons were reared by rents. The eldest already mentioned late Joshua time a widely respected citizen the Methodist So numerous he performed he had taken for that inter

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time in the house, sewing on a
log-hunting shirt as she sat by a win-
dow overlooking the river, and
she could almost reach the water
from the window with her hand
while at the highest tide.

At the death of her father, a
Mr Collins, of Newtown, Mrs
Hannah Buckley was bequeathed
a servant woman named Thyatira,
who was quite a character in her
time. Her husband was Joo, in

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So numerous were
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called, Hetty, be-
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mistress that when Mrs Buckley
died her special instructions were
that Thyatira should be maintain-
ed by the family long as she might
live, and must never be a county
charge. A cabin was built for
her near where the Buckeye sta-
tion is now located. From this
cabin she moved to George Kee's
whose wife was Hester Buckley,
where she died and was buried in
the Buckley graveyard many
years ago.

Thyatira was furnished a very
comfortable housekeeping outfit
by her pioneer mistress, and Mrs
Buckley's dying wishes were care-
fully respected by her children,
and so it became that Thyatira
was a privileged character during
her later years.

One instance out of many illus-
trates the manner of servant she
was, may be given. When Joshua
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the Burgess place he used it for
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wn John McNeel, les Kennison were ots of the Little e Joshua Buck- eye, his attention wu to this region amp was occupied uld be built and for corn, potatoes

The original y yards or more ank of the Green- well was between the bank. This y William Buckley, le on a visit. Peo- ater had been car- bring near Lam Hill was determined to convenient by stick- which was done and bundance obtained at twenty-five feet.

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One instance out of many illus- trates the manner of servant she was, may be given. When Joshua Buckley the Pioneer opened up the Burgess place he used it for summer range. For several sea- sons Thyatira and the boys John and Joseph did the driving out and the sal'ing. It happened one year that she went out with the stock as usual, and was instructed to stay by the cattle until they be- came used to the range and not be likely to come back or stray else- where. She went into camp and when bed time came covered her head with a sheep skin. Upon awakening in the morning Thya- tip found herself uncomfortably warm, and the covering felt very heavy. It was found snow had fallen ten inches deep. She at once hustled around, gathered up her drove and brought it back to Buckeye.

One of the more noticeable im

ing practical jokes, strange yarns about witches. He posses and his reportees re of John Randolph It is my impres Buckley could have duplicating that pe features, tones of and repartee than heard of.

In has been my with a number of often seen John was a common re that they had nev like "Jack" Ran

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her drove and brought it back to
Buckeye.

One of the more noticeable im-
provements Joshua Buckley made
was the planting of a large or-
chard. The sprouts were brought
in a pair of saddle bags from near
Winchester, so very small they
were, being for the most part of
one years growth. This orchard
was in its time considered one of
the best and it furnished sprouts
for a great deal of orchard plant-
ing in course of time.

Two sons and two daughters
were reared by these pioneer pa-
rents. The eldest, John Buckley,
already mentioned, whose son the
late Joshua Buckley was in his
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These persons l
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reared orphans.

Mrs. Buckley i
was sorely afflict

ing a wall, which was done
water in abundance obtained at
he depth of twenty-five feet.
In the course of years the bank
is worn away and the dwelling
is about to be undermined,
was moved farther back and
will not so many years ago by
Rev Joshua Buckley at what
seemed a safe distance. At
present time the house is with-
in or so of the brink so rap-
idly as the bank worn away.
Ten or more years after set-
tling there was an alarming
crack in the Greenbrier and the
surrounded the dwelling of
the pioneer. Mr Buckley and a
Roman Thyatira took the
cows and chickens to
higher ground. The
green house and barn be-
came deep enough to swim a
Mrs Buckley would not
leave the house. In the mean-
while her husband passed from
this world in a canoe or dug
out. Mrs Buckley passed her
last days in her house, sewing on a
table as she sat by a win-
dow looking the river, and
could not reach the water
without wading with her hand
on the highest tide.
The daughter of her father, a
daughter of Newtown, Mrs
Thyatira was bequeathed
a name named Thyatira,
a character in her
family and was Joe, in

her drove and
Buckeye.
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was the planting of a large or-
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time a widely known and much
respected citizen and minister of
the Methodist Protestant church.
So numerous were the marriages
he performed that it looked as if
he had taken out a patent right
for that interesting business for
half the county at least and a good
part of upper Greenbrier.
The pioneer's daughter Hester,
or, as she was most commonly
called, Hetty, became the wife of
the late George Kee, near Marlinton,
and the honored progenitor
of the Kee relationship in the Mar-
linton vicinity. Her energy and
industry as a home keeper were
the talk of her day. Her grand-
son Aaron Kee lives on the home
place, where passed the most of
her life in her busy home duties,

you and that the sooner
get out of the way the
would be for your fee
did not want to hear
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hood.
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worthy, she never seemed to stop
to inquire, and there is but little
doubt that time and again her gen-
erosity was abused.

Joseph Buckley the second son
of the Pieneer Joshua was distin-
guished for his fondness for play-
ing practical jokes, and telling
strange yarns about ghosts and
witches. He possessed ready wit
and his reportees remind me much
of John Randolph of Roanoke.
It is my impression that Joe
Buckley could have come nearer
duplicating that person in form,
features, tones of voice, sarcasm
and repartee than any one I ever
heard of.

In has been my fortune to meet
with a number of people that had
often seen John Randolph and it
was a common remark with them
that they had never seen anyone
like "Jack" Randolph.

Now from what I have heard
about Mr. Randolph, I feel pretty
sure that if

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generously received
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It aroused my sy
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About night fall
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Pretty early n
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with a number of people that had
often seen John Randolph and it
was a common remark with them
that they had never seen anyone
like "Jack" Randolph.

Now from what I have heard
about Mr. Randolph, I feel pretty
sure that if they had ever seen Joe
Buckley they would have quit say-
ing, "We never saw anybody like
Jack Randolph."

Some of the most withering,
keen, sarcastic repartees that I
have ever heard from anyone,
were Joe Buckley's remarks spok-
en in his falsetto tones and not a
smile anywhere visible on his long
sad face, nor a gleam of humor
about his piercing gray eyes, that
blazed beneath his prominent and
rugged eye brows, with penetra-
ting stare. There was a some-
thing about the way that Joe
Buckley looked at you, that made
one feel that he knew it all about
you and that the sooner you could
get out of the way the better it

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The road I fo-
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George seemed
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It would take a volu-
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get out of the way the better it
would be for your feelings if you
did not want to hear it told on
you and be the subject of hilari-
ous ridicule all over the neighbor-
hood.
Though he has been gone from
us for nearly forty years, yet there
is not many living persons whose
names are as frequently repeated
as "Joe Buckley's." His wife
was Elizabeth Gibson, sister of
David Gibson the progenitor of
the Elk relationship of that name.
She was a noted housekeeper
and was ever ready for her home
duties out of doors as well as in
doors.
These persons had no children
of their own, but adopted and

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Mrs. Buckley in advanced age
was sorely afflicted by a cancerous
sore on the back of her right hand.

To use her own language it pained
like a hot iron all the time. In
her agony she would walk the
floor day and night and would use
every kind of poultice she could
hear of, make teas of every root
or plant that might be recommen-
den for purifying the blood. In
the meantime a doctor from Rock-
bridge located at Huntersville,
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ellers and acquaintances would be
generously received and kindly
entertained.

It aroused my sympathies to
find my friend from his boyhood
in such infirm health. But he re-
ceives and endures it all with be-
coming resignation, being fully
persuaded that such is the wisdom
and goodness of the Supreme Be-
ing in whom all live, move and
have their being, that all at last
must and shall be well.

About night fall the rain that
was looked for early in the day
from my cozy quarters on Joe Mc-
Neills's porch began to fall and
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showers all night long. The pat-
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tering of the raindrops was the
most soothing of sounds inviting
sweet and hopeful slumber.

Pretty early next morning I
took up my carriages for the home
stretch on this tramping round.

The road I found to be quite
miry and the mud was of the
sticky sort that would be hard to
get rid of even when dry.

About the time I had made
ready to dare and do whatever a
muddy tramp might mean, George
McComb of Dan, came along with
his team driven by a half grown
young McComb, a chip of the
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George seemed to be feeling
good on the rain and hailed me in
his cherry way to wait for the
wagon, climb on and we would
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muddy tramp might mean, George McComb of Dan, came along with his team driven by a half grown young McComb, a chip of the eternal block.

George seemed to be feeling good on the rain and hailed me in his cherry wagon to wait for the wagon, climb on and we would take a ride to Marlinton together.

It would take a volume of several hundred pages to contain all that this resident of the Dan flag station vicinity could tell of the ups and downs, round and rounds of his eventful life and much of it would be interesting reading, written out just as he tells it, how a man has to hustle to keep alive considering the enemies he has had to confront and meet the cares and duties of raising as they ought to be raised six sons and six daughters.

The two mile home stretch in that wagon was a thing of pleasure and interest to what the home stretch would have been in my thin summer gaiters, had it been tramped. Thanks to you Mr. McComb, may you and your boy long live to own and drive wagons and happen along whenever people may be as glad to meet you as I was.

W. T. P.

Shakespeare Says

one feel that he knew all about you and that the sooner you could get out of the way the better it would be for your feelings. if you did not want to hear it told on you and be the subject of hilarious ridicule all over the neighborhood.

Though he has been gone from for nearly forty years, yet there are many living persons whose names are as frequently repeated as "Joe Buckley's." His wife Elizabeth Gibson, sister of J. Gibson the progenitor of the relationship of that name, was a noted housekeeper and was ever ready for her home out of doors as well as in.

persons had no children of their own, but adopted and reared orphans.

Buckley in advanced age was afflicted by a cancerous growth on the back of her right hand.

In her own language it pained her from all the time. In the evening she would walk the streets at night and would use poultice she could get for the teas of every root and herb that might be recommended for purifying the blood. In the fall a doctor from Rock Hill came to Huntersville, and he first case he was called on for was Aunt Betty's case. It was a matter of course that it was a disease but what he

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"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

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